CRACK FOOTBALLERS OF TODAY AND YESTERDAY.

Book No. 13.

[redacted] 1942

Compiled By:- Golden Boy

FREE FOR ALL AT
DISGUSTS CROWD

Nasty Blot On Footba

By J. M. ROHAN

THE satisfactory crowd of 12,000 that went to Essendon to see year's premiers against South Melbourne, were served wi menu that was anything but austere.

Proceedings opened with the unfurling of the 1942 pennant finished with a brawl that would have been a highlight Donegal Fair. Another nasty blot smudges League footb escutcheon.

The large crowd saw the effect. Many are seeking the cause

THE hectic brawl in the last quarter was the culminating point of a trajectory that was marked by dazzling speed, hectic clashes, glorious high-marking, long kicking, a superb exhibition of goal-kicking by the Dons, injuries to prominent players, spite, chopping and hacking.

Experienced players, usually cool in a crisis, threw caution to the winds and were parties to incidents that were far from creditable. With reflection, all of them have regrets. Naturally the League frowns on brawling, which is nauseating to many, while others simply revel in it.

What was responsible for Saturday's unseemly conduct of at least seven players? Footballers enter the arena and can be seen shaking hands with pals on the opposing side. Something must happen to turn them into raging tornadoes, looking for fight.

HIGH TENSION EARLY

It was evident to many that feeling was running high in the early stages of the game. It was also evident that umpire Bride was not strict enough on the type of play likely to induce unnecessary tactics. Always liable to be found is an element which, if allowed a little latitude, is prone to develop a policy which nothing can prevent from bu about ugly passages.

At half-time, a prominent player said that he had been everything but the flag poles, any word of caution or repri

The loss of champion go Lindsay White, was disapp the Southerners, who were handicapped when Jim Cle Graham and others reporte at half-time. The loss of three-quarter time with collar-bone put them street, but they still playe

South rankled when t at the interval that th Herb Matthews, had been an incident early in the South felt that their fast, ball was being countere robust methods of a few players.

My opinion is that um should have held up the g early stages when many d cidents were allowed to should realise that at t most coaches exhort the do or die. Such advice, in the opening game of is taken literally by playe new, with the result tha little surprise when a boi as that at Essendon is se

Among the big crowd pr sibly every one has a differ tell about football's opening As it was at the far end ground from the press box, writers had their view obsc the hundreds that jumped th when the brawl started. At the the play was at the other end o ground. Having a close-up viev the proceedings, my story is as g as the next.

It was noticed that an Essendo player dropped to the ground, writhing from a knock received while well away from the play. One of his team-mates sought reprisal a few moments later and received a heavy punch over the eye for his trouble. In a moment seven players were in a hectic mix-up, to be joined in a flash by police, trainers and other players anxious to quell the disturbance.

ONE KNOCKED OUT

Actually only one player on each side was in a fighting humor, but team-mates had to stick. A few entered the melee intending to stop proceedings, but stopped punches which fired their fighting blood. One of the main contestants came out of the scrap unscathed, after knocking out one opponent and leaving his mark on three others.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

A League club boot-studder uses more than 1000 studs each season?

Five different types of studs are used?

Eight studs is the average number in each boot?

No two players' boots are studded the same?

A player's position on the field is taken into consideration before boots are studded?

That the length of stud is governed by weather conditions?

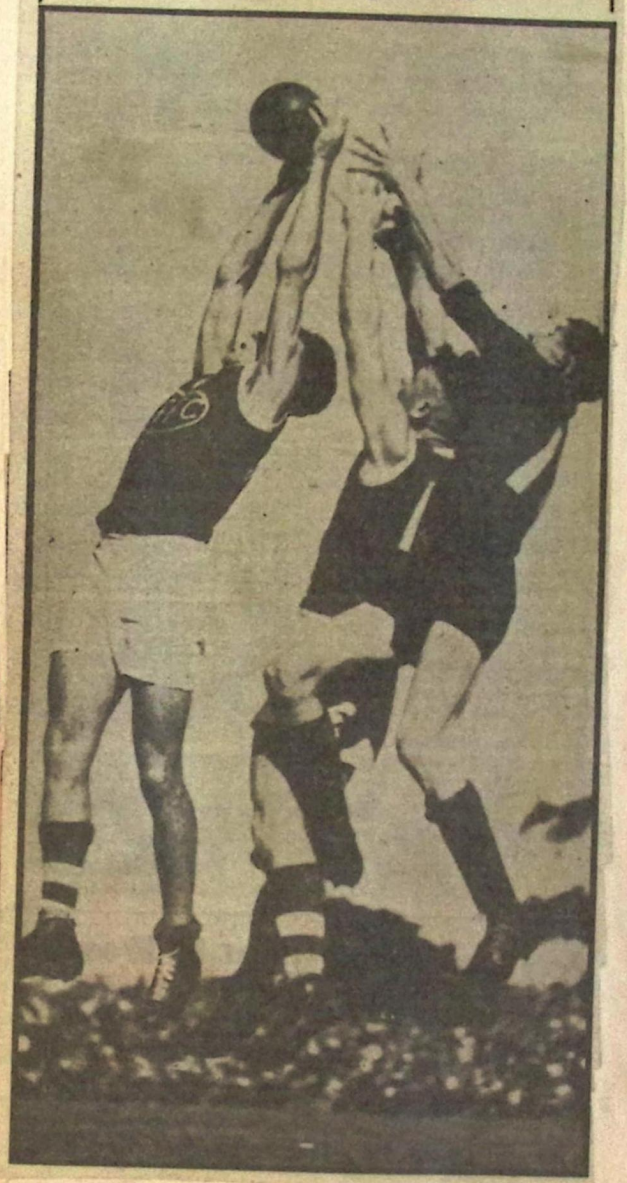
Old Move Revived

RICHMOND tried to revive a move made famous years ago by Weidner and George Bayliss by placing left-footer Howard in a right wing corner. Howard made a promising start, and would have done better if the ball was delivered to him in keeping with his height. The left-footer on the right half-forward flank has been successfully exploited in the past by Gordon Rattray, Keith Shea, Roy Cazaly [illegible] side. Roy Quinn fitted [illegible]

GLIMPES OF THE GRAND FINAL — WEST PERTH PREMIERS.

GEORGE DOIG . . .
Crocked, had a lean day

ALL UP ● Highest flying N. Wendt (East Fremantle) gets his fingers on the ball ahead of team-mate G. Prince and West Perth's W. Baker in today's football grand final.



TED TYSON . . . His boot on the right foot.

SOLDIER FOOTBALLERS.

This photograph of members of an AIF Field Regiment's football team was taken in the Middle East recently. Back row: R. Shaw (WX), T. Scanlan (WX), T. Donnes (WX), L. Opray (captain, VX), J. Kilpatrick (VX), J. Woodyard (VX), J. Melbin (VX), T. Monger (WX), S. Shaw (WX), Taylor (VX) and J. Wauhop (WX). Kneeling: J. Sherville (WX), W. Brasil (VX), R. Crooks (VX), G. J. Irvine (VX), T. Doherty (WX), W. King (WX), K. White (VX), and M. Johns (WX).

A Melbourne forward had this mark to himself.

E. Cordner (Melbourne) gets in front of the pack as they leap for the mark near Melbourne's goal. From left: E. Cordner, McLean (Carlton) and Fischer (Melbourne).

FOOTBALL FINAL

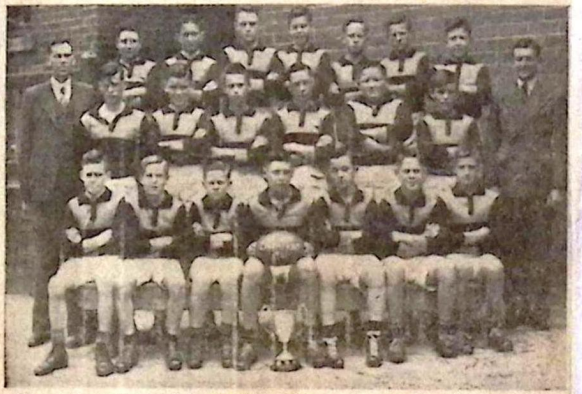
West Perth—this year's Premiers.

M. Tetley (W.P.) appears to be congratulating M. McDiarmid (W.P.) on his marking feat.

Above: The serious side of football. Below: A lighter vein.

FOOTBALLERS AT NORTHAMPTON

SCHOOLBOY FOOTBALLERS.



The Subiaco Senior School Football Team, premiers in the A division competition for contributory schools, which was undefeated during the season. Back row: D. Lester, W. Creighton, F. du Boulay, A. Jenkinson, J. Glidden, H. Dean and C. Ridley. Middle row: Mr. A. R. Morrison (Head Teacher), B. Lee, H. Klopper, S. Grey, R. Mangnall, R. Burns, R. Brooker and A. J. Williams (coach). Front row: J. Mason, R. Smith, K. Langoulant, R. Innes (captain), R. Hawkins (vice-captain), M. Diggins and K. O'Brien.

Hugh Torney, Essendon ruck man, whose clean and clever play is an example to all big men.

Lance Collins is playing brilliant football in the Carlton centre.

FOOTBALL FINAL CONTINUED.

West Perth gained the West Australian National Football League's 1941 premiership when it defeated East Fremantle in the grand final at Subiaco Oval last Saturday. Starting brilliantly, West Perth led throughout the game and won by 21 points—14.14 to 10.17. The match was notable for the fast pace maintained by West Perth, whose team was evenly balanced and whose players collaborated admirably. It was West Perth's first premiership since 1935 and one of the chief reasons for its success was the excellent club spirit achieved during recent seasons. Indications are that West Perth will remain a strong force in football for some seasons. In the one year West Perth has won the cricket and football premierships. East Fremantle's last two performances, the vital ones, were most disappointing to its supporters.

East Fremantle.

G. Meirs (E.F.) harried by West Perth backs.

G. Meirs (E.F.) takes a brilliant mark.

DES FOTHERGILL

Well-Matched Adelaide 18's

By OLLIE DAY

South Australian League clubs are preparing for the war-time competition to begin on May 16, and there is much enthusiasm, with plenty of players available.

THERE will be crack players for all positions in each side, and when it is remembered that front rank Victorian and West Australians have to be included, the potential strength of the teams is apparent.

Frank Curcio (Fitzroy), Jack Grant (Geelong), Keith Miller (St. Kilda), Keith Forbes (Essendon), Vin Doherty (Collingwood), and Les Thomas (Hawthorn) are some of the interstate players available. They will go to clubs to which they will be allocated by ballot.

A little judicious drafting with interstate men might be better as some clubs could do with strengthening in some departments.

Norwood-North, for instance, will have sound rucks, provided the men meet with no mishap, but the reserve line is not so strong. There will be a big difference if either Curcio or Thomas were to come out of the ballot for them.

North-Norwood may fall down in the rucks, though it may be possible to blanket this defect with key position strength. Kevin Hardiman has been appointed captain. Jack Oatey will be seen again as first rover. A second man is wanted.

STRONG DEFENCE

There will be no doubt about the strength of the Port-Torrens backs. So many followers will be available that one of the big men will have to take set positions, in which they will not be amiss. A strong defence is available. A class centre wingman would be welcome.

There is a dearth of centre wingmen, with two of the three outstanding men with Sturt-South.

West-Glenelg will be well in the race for the honors. This pair should have a side the equal of any of opposing teams.

One of the best rovering teams in the series may be seen for Port-Torrens with "Bunny" Sheehy and "Whacka" Scott, two State Rovers, to share the work.

West-Glenelg need a tall forward, as the other sides are well off for goalgetters.

The calls of military duty and essential services will force changes in the teams, but the reserves are so strong that the sides should be maintained at an even strength.

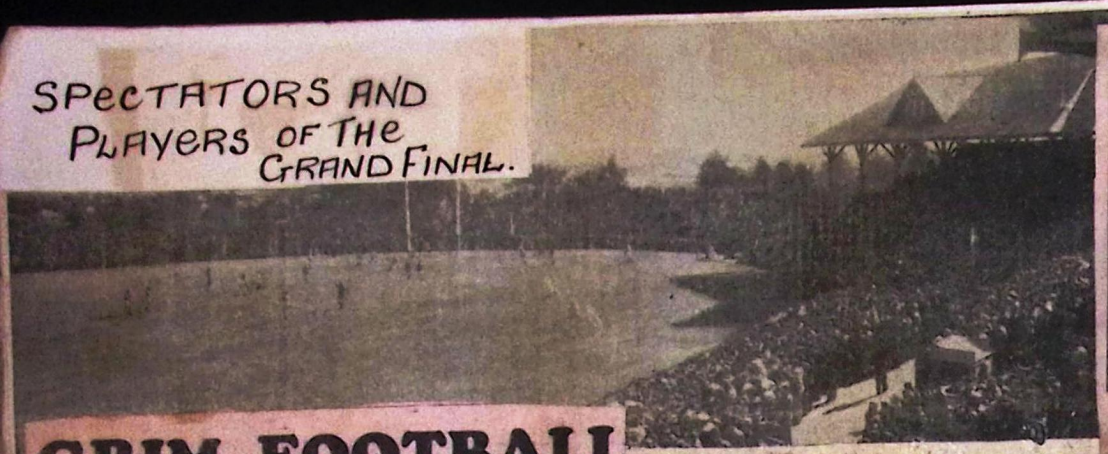
"SHINE" BOSKING BACK

"Shine" Bosking comes back to Port-Torrens. He has coached both sides to premierships.

Vere McCallum, whose first season as coach of Norwood saw the Redlegs finish on top, takes charge of Norwood-North, and Ray Curnow, last coach last year, is to take charge for West Glenelg.

Sturt-South will carry on with Jack Dawes in command for the early part of the season, with "Buck" Ashby likely to take over later.

SPECTATORS AND PLAYERS OF THE GRAND FINAL.



Three League stalwarts—Len Thomas, North Melbourne coach; Harold Albiston, Hawthorn defender, and Peter Reville, all sergeants in the A.I.F., photographed abroad.

GRIM FOOTBALL AT DARWIN

Goals Signalled With Rifles

By H. A. de LACY

DARWIN still plays football—air raids or no air raids. It is real war time football however—grim, yet not without its amusing side and its entertainment value.

SINCE the Japs blasted the town three weeks back Darwin has been a real city of the bombed in the minds of the rest of Australia—a place wrecked and deserted, a place to be avoided if at all possible.

It, therefore, reflects the great spirit of our fighting forces and at the same time emphasises their everlasting love for football that despite what might have happened to Darwin or is likely to happen, football must go on.

So it was that a week ago teams and supporters from the Anti-Tank Battery, A.I.F., and the Navy foregathered at a jungle clearing to decide a football argument.

The teams played in full battle dress. The arena was ringed with the troops wearing their "Battle Bowlers" as they call the steel helmets.

Every man carried his full equipment and was armed to the teeth. The players handed their rifles to their cobbers. The goal umpires borrowed rifles from the men next to them. If it was a goal they waved two rifles and if a behind one rifle.

It was all in the approved football fashion but grim, very grim. So realistic was it that they signalled the end of the quarters with a blast from a Lewis gun.

Behind the troops the grass grew to 8ft. When a kick carried the ball well over the boundary line the troops began an immediate search pushing the high grass aside with the points of their rifles.

O'Mara Kicks Truly

The A.I.F. won though the final scores were not noted as carefully as they might have been.

The best players according to report supplied by Bdr. J. M. Wardrope were George O'Mara (Sandringham), who kicked 5 goals in the first quarter; Tom Wardrope (Wonthaggi), Clyde Freake (Collingwood, a nephew of Jimmy Freake), L. Williams (King Island).

Other troops under notice were Cecil Brain (St. Arnaud), timekeeper; Mick Walters (Hamilton), Allan Murrells (Deniliquin), Bill Bogie, L. and M. Williams (King Island), J. and T. Wardrope (Wonthaggi), "Tich" Gooding and Ted Lincoln (Collingwood), "Snow" Collin (Port Melbourne), Sam Cook (Shepparton), Kevin Egan (Colac), Keith Johns (Parkdale), Tom Bren, Viv McClure (Tallangatta), "Darky" Elliot (Caulfield), Chris Clinton (Black Rock) and Dave McNaughton (Balranald).

Hobart Football Off

THE Tasmanian League has decided to suspend the roster for the duration of the war. Almost all players of last season are now on active service.

The League decided to lend its aid to an under-age competition, to be conducted by the State School Old Boys' Association, which the League has been fostering for some years. The age limit is 18.

There has been a suggestion that it should not be confined only to State school boys, but lads from all schools.

Soldier—Footballers

SPORTING GLOBE, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1942 — PAGE 18

West Australian soldier footballers who have all signed up with Fitzroy and will play in the patriotic match against Richmond next Saturday. Left to right: L. J. Phelan, vice-president, Fitzroy Football Club; Haydn Bunton, Subiaco; Bruce Bridges, West Perth; Bert Elsden, Claremont; Jack Yates, Subiaco; Lal McLennan, president, Fitzroy Football Club; Doug. Dolphant, coach and captain, Kalgoorlie.

FOOTBALL NOW THE ARMY GAME

Will Make Strides As Result Of War

By H. A. de LACY

FOOTBALL is now THE army game. As boxing slides from popularity among our troops, football forces its way to the front as the greatest of all army recreational games. Indirectly, the game must make tremendous strides as the result of the war. More men will play, keener interest will be kindled.

STRONG detachments of Victorian troops will move up and down States where Australian football interest lags. They will play spirited games, create fresh enthusiasm.

American troops will be attracted by the charm of our distance kicking. Our kicking never fails to cause the American to wonder—and he is of that nature that will try anything once. Make any man inquisitive about a thing and you are assured of his greater and, possibly, his continued interest. The American might be won.

So Australian football is forcing its way into a greater sphere than previously dreamed of. It is rejoicing in a publicity drive that no amount of money could produce.

Just two stories. I received a letter this week from Germany. Above all things, it contained an account of an Australian rules game played in Germany behind the barbed wires of a prisoner of war camp.

There were not sufficient players. The only playing space available was a rough cinder patch. Difficulties regarding a ball had to be overcome—yet they played, knocked each other for a row of skittles, and collected their gravel rashes as if they were mud.

ACCOMPLISHED SOMETHING

When it was over they swelled with pride. They had accomplished something. They were the first Australians to introduce their great game into Nazi Germany—the first men to kick an Australian football round the cinder patch of a concentration camp.

Not even the barbed wire of their imprisonment—their boundary line on this occasion — could stifle that surge of enthusiasm for a great fighting game.

The report says that the star players were Mountford (late of Geelong) and Don Quartermain, who played for Hawthorn, Fitzroy and Frankston. Other players mentioned in the necessarily brief note are Pilot Officer D. A. Young, known in swimming circles in Melbourne, and Bax, from Mount Pleasant (S.A.), "a good footballer and a former professional runner." The match was umpired by Jack Goodwin, a former League official.

Another story. Recently during the army manoeuvres of a section of the Australian Militia Forces it became necessary to march a group something up to 22 miles in the day. Schedule demanded the drive. They finished very tired. Full regimental kit can become very heavy after the first ten miles.

As an experiment, the Colonel threw them a football. Immediately they were revived. They started end for end football. Then someone called for sides. They had no goals, but a game of "keepings off" was soon in full cry. The final result—the troops outlasted the ball. The game was stopped only by the bursting of the ball. That incident happened here in our own State. It is symptomatic of hundreds of other incidents that are happening every day in every troop stationed in every camp of our fighting forces.

Football is an army training game now, and men receiving injuries in regular army matches are classed as if they had been injured in active training.

In most camps today there is a stand-down from training of perhaps two hours a week to allow troops to play some sport. Only those who play get the privilege. There are no compensations for those who want to hang around and watch. Here in itself is a great lesson to the civil population, of whom too many watch and too few play.

Half-an-hour each day is granted for sport. During these lay-offs the men invariably turn to football.

ESSENTIAL TRAINING

Camp orders state that high grade teams are not desired. Champions are not to be developed at the expense of the ordinary player or the tyro. Football is to be part and parcel of the training of every man if possible. Inter-platoon matches are encouraged rather than inter-divisional matches or inter-brigade matches. Football is being ordered for the mass rather than for the talented few.

Why has all this taken place in armies, many of them on their battle stations?

First, football breeds stamina and toughness, especially when played in military boots capped with steel heel and toe.

It calls into action nearly 40 men. Boxing calls for two competitors, as does wrestling. Cricket means 22, but lacks something of the concentrated action of football.

These things considered, the army leaders like football. Among our oversea troops they found that a football was a great help as a builder of morale. One oversea officer told me that if a company or a battalion nearby started kicking a football his men would immediately call for a ball, too. If they could not get one they considered themselves hard done by. They often walked across and joined in with the fortunate ones. They love football, he said.

Where are the men of League and Association ranks who thrilled Melbourne crowds last season?

I found Roly Fischer, whom Melbourne called their "fall guy," because he invariably fell over when he marked the ball, brown and husky, stripped to the waist erecting tents. He was as fit as a fiddle, and greeted me with "I don't fall over now!"

Fischer explained that his ankles became so weak towards the end of [illegible] that he fell over to avoid the strain of jarring them. He has no sign of the weakness now. Long marches have cured that.

R. Hingston and Shean McGrath, Melbourne half-back and full-back respectively, were unloading a truck. Both looked tough and hardened.

Claude Newton, Prahran's full-back, had his arms bandaged. He had just given a blood transfusion to save the life of a pal who had met with a nasty crash. He told me where I could find Ken Onley (Port Melbourne) and Ted Brotherton (Northcote).

Norman Campbell (Coll.), high marking wing man; Gordon Ogden, Williamstown coach of two years back, and Horrie Mason, formerly St. Kilda, were seen doing their work about military camps.

HUNDREDS OF THEM

There are others, hundreds of them. Amateur footballers are in the army in large numbers, but they are all so busy these days and so altered in appearance that it is difficult to recognise them.

But bounce a football and they come running. Everywhere you go they say, "Have you a football you could let us have?"

The demand invariably swamps the supply. Footballs don't last long under camp conditions. They certainly don't rot for want of use. The troops kick them till they burst.

ALL DAY . .

You can play away and still have that kick at the end of the fray!

FOOTBALLERS! Rejuvenate your Tired and Weary Muscles with . . .

Penetrene LINIMENT

A Footballer is born, but "PENETRENE" makes him a champion! Use this wash before and after playing. 1 Tablespoonful (one ounce) of "PENETRENE" to one quart of water. Don't delay — get a bottle today. Three sizes: 1oz. Trial Bottle, 1/7; 4oz., 3/2; 8oz., 5/10 (Prices include Sales Tax). Obtainable All Good Chemists or from—

GEORGE HAGLEY PTY. LTD.
33 Hardware Street, Melbourne

NOT THE OLD BUNTON

By H. A. DE LACY

The old Haydn Bunton was not seen at Richmond on Saturday. Those among the crowd who remember his flashing football of four years ago suffered something of a disappointment when he labored for his kicks with all his old elusiveness missing. Bunton played with Fitzroy against Richmond in the patriotic match.

HAYDN BUNTON, three times a Brownlow Medallist, got a great reception when he reappeared with his old team. He has been starring in Perth since he left Melbourne.

Bunton was one of the most attractive footballers our game has produced. Scrupulously fair, he was at times unbeatable. Had his delivery of the ball been better he would have had few rivals for the honor as the greatest player we have produced. Sometimes he tried to do too much. That was perhaps his greatest fault.

However, onlookers at Richmond on Saturday longed for a revival of his perfect swaying, his talented ball-getting, and his unbeatable poise and balance. They were disappointed.

Either Bunton has not yet struck form or is not the player he was.

To my mind, however, there is another reason why he is not himself. He is at present undergoing a course of physical culture in a military camp.

NOTHING WORSE

I am one of those who believe that there is nothing worse for football than a course of rigorous military physical culture. The military curriculum builds bonny bodies, but it replaces the lathlike rhythm with a static state, approaching muscle-boundness.

Bunton's success was his long striding, his rhythm, and his balanced co-ordination. The racehorse has not profited by the heavy body-building exercises of the military.

My tip is that it will take Bunton a long time to strike his top. For one thing, he has slowed up. The fast weaver has become relatively a plodder. Bunton may yet thrill us, but he did not look the part on Saturday.

Hale Recovers Slowly

JACK HALE, Carlton rover and forward, whose dashing football never failed to thrill the crowd, has not recovered from the broken leg he sustained at the start of last season. In the game at Richmond Jack came into violent collision with Bernie Waldron, Richmond centre. Both men were seriously injured. Hale sustaining a leg fracture.

After many weeks in hospital and many disappointments he has progressed sufficiently to discard the irons supporting the leg. However, he still walks with a pronounced limp and with the aid of a stick. Football is finished. His many friends will join in wishing him a complete recovery.

Waldron, who received a deep-seated leg injury, has recovered, but has not regained his top form.

COLLINGWOOD ATTACK

A Collingwood attack near South's goal in the match at Carlton. J. Cleary, South full back, and N. McIntosh, Collingwood ruckman, are flying high.

WEST PERTH player leaps high to mark over a Perth opponent in yesterday's football.

Football Club Plans To Honour This Flier

MELBOURNE, Tues.—Melbourne League Football Club may not follow its usual custom and unfurl its 1941 premiership flag at the opening of the new season on May 3, said club Chairman Blair last night.

He explained: "We hope that when 'Bluey' Truscott arrives home with his pals of the R.A.A.F. from England he will take the field with his old team as captain for one match.

"On that day we shall let fly our premiership flag."

Squadron-Leader Keith Truscott, D.F.C. and bar, who served with a Spitfire squadron in England, played for Melbourne as a forward.

Mr. Blair said that the medals awarded to Truscott by the Victorian Football League would also be presented on the day Truscott led his old team.

Melbourne Club, Mr. Blair added, was considering inviting American footballers in the U.S. Army to practice matches with a view to teaching them the Australian game.

"They should be able to pick up our game because they like fast sports," he said.

● *Keith Truscott's red hair gained him the nickname "Bluey."*

AS HAPPY AS A SAND BOY

"Bluey" Truscott — Australia's ace airman — said on Saturday: "Don't apologise for football — keep the game going. Why not? What good can stopping football do anyone?"

STIRRING WELCOME for "BLUEY"

Leads Old Team

By H. A. de Lacy

AUSTRALIA'S famous air ace, Squadron-Leader Keith Truscott — "Bluey" to his great army of football admirers — received a tremendous welcome from 15,000 onlookers when he led the Melbourne team on to the field at Richmond today against the Tigers.

Bluey reached the ground at about 2.30 with Flt.-Lieut. "Bardie" Wawn, of Melbourne, another noted ace.

Later, Jack Dyer, Richmond captain, took "Bluey" to the edge of the ring in front of the Richmond stand and called for three cheers. These were heartily given and were echoed and re-echoed around the ground for several minutes.

Famous "Bluey" Truscott, back in the well-known "Demon" colors after many thrilling clashes with Nazi fliers over the Channel, was greeted with tumultuous cheers as he dashed on to the field at Richmond.

£1000 For Air Aces

BEFORE the Melbourne-Richmond game today "Bluey" Truscott was handed a cheque for £1000, given by Mr John Wren, whose covering letter read:

"Like tens of thousands of your fellow countrymen, I read with intense and increasing admiration of your gallantry during numerous combats with the Luftwaffe, and in congratulating you on your magnificent achievement in shooting down 15 German planes, **I have great pleasure in asking you to accept and share with your intrepid and famous companion, Paddy Finucane, the attached cheque for £1000**, which I am forwarding as a token of my personal appreciation and gratitude.

"May you win new laurels in helping in the defence of your homeland."

I CANNOT tell what happened in the Melbourne room, for the Melbourne Club showed its appreciation of the support given by the press to football by banning all pressmen from the room.

However, I did see Truscott this morning. He was delighted to be back again on a football field. With a laugh he said, in his typical happy fashion, "I hope Fonnie (meaning Alan La Fontaine, his old captain) will be down; I want to tell him a few of the things he used to tell me."

La Fontaine, now in the Armored Division, arrived a few minutes before play started, and took his place in the team, so Truscott's wish was gratified. This morning I asked Truscott whether he intended to withdraw early from the game, and let the 19th man go on, because it was easily recognised that he would be short of training.

"WILL PLAY TO END"

"What, pull out of a football game?" he replied disdainfully; "no, I'll keep playing as long as I can stand up."

As Truscott led his men on the field the Richmond players formed around him, shaking him by the hand. The teams then lined up for the unfurling of the 1941 pennant won by Melbourne.

Before the flag was unfurled, Truscott pinned a spray of orchids on the coat of Mrs J. Blair, wife of the president of Melbourne and another in the dress of his mother. The flag was then unfurled.

Dyer called for a cheer for Truscott, and the pair of them tossed for ends. To the great delight of everyone, Truscott won the toss.

When the teams took up their positions, Truscott was at wing half-forward. Melbourne attacked vigorously, Truscott battling hard without luck . . . but what did it matter? The main thing, to my mind, was that in the first three seconds of play, Truscott's socks fell over his boots. War ace or no war ace, it was the same old Bluey Truscott when it came to football.

Before the quarter ended Truscott was mud from head to foot. He was all smiles. He'd had a hand in two goals.

Had Makings of Greatness at School — Page 3.

TRUSCOTT . .

(Cont. from Cols. 1 and 2)

Bluey lost no time in getting into play after the interval. In the first few moments he was seen right in front. Still grinning, he went back to take his kick. With all the aplomb of a Titus, he carefully wiped the ball on his pants to take off the mud, and took a minute or so to make contact with the ball.

The Tiger defenders opened out, but made no attempt to baulk his kick. His plant brought up Melbourne's seventh goal and cheers from all over the ground.

A few minutes later he helped La Fontaine to the eighth from a nice run down the boundary. Bluey may have lacked football cunning, but he was certainly keeping in the play.

Football Honors ..... "Bluey" Truscott

FOOTBALL paid full tribute to "Bluey" Trascott on Saturday. The big crowd at Richmond gave our footballer war ace, Squadron-Leader Keith Truscott, a wonderful reception.

"BLUEY" CRASHES. The Australian ace slithers in the mud, while George Smeaton (Richmond) clears the ball away. An incident at Richmond.

THERE might have been bands playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes," but the powers that be in the R.A.A.F. indicated: No bands; no undue lionising!

For "Bluey's" part, he just wanted to be back among the people who love the things he loves — chief among them football.

So "Bluey" Truscott — war ace — led his old team, Melbourne, on to the field to play a traditional game against the Tigers.

No sportsman has been so spontaneously honored than the likeable "Bluey" was by the cheers of his football loving friends. To a man they were all for him.

COULD HAVE BEEN GREATER

It was a great occasion. It could have been a still greater occasion for Truscott. There were, however, those among the Melbourne people who just could not realise that it was "Bluey's" day, and that they, like the rest of us, were but units in the big crowd waiting patiently to cheer a national hero to the echo. These people became possessive to a point, which rather spoilt things. Many people he probably would have liked to meet were coldly turned aside by his bodyguard.

It seemed to many that "Bluey" needed saving from his "friends."

In some respects it was a happy day. There was a cheque for £1000 to be received—£500 for "Bluey" and £500 for "Paddy" Pinucane, the Irish ace with whom "Bluey" not only messed but by whose side he fought so brilliantly over the Channel. The donor was Mr John Wren.

There were orchids to be pinned in the coats of Mrs Joe Blair and of his mother. There was a pennant to be unfurled.

It seems only yesterday since big Jack Dyer and Truscott stood scowling at each other in the heat of a torrid football battle on the Melbourne Cricket Ground. On Saturday, Jack warmly grasped "Bluey's" hand, took him to a hotbed of Richmond supporters and called for cheers.

The game was on. There were some who thought Truscott would make a "token" appearance, that he would run on to the ground, play for a few minutes and then be replaced by the 19th man. They were very wrong. "Bluey" still loves football. He was into it from the first bounce. He was there at the final bell.

I laughed at one very cheerful Digger who had decided to barrack for Melbourne. "Why, I can't tell you," he informed the crowd around him. "I am just barracking for Melbourne because—well because I am barracking for Melbourne."

That nice piece of logic completed, he took his eye off the game to roll a smoke. Between times he kept asking, "'Ow's he going?"

He looked up to see "Bluey" rolled in the mud.

"'Bluey,' old son," he lamented, "you might be an ace in the air, but you're a crash on the ground."

Early Truscott had a hand in two goals and later kicked one himself. He was not the old finished footballer. Who cared. Who expected a champion's display.

STILL GOOD "MIXER"

The main thing was that "Bluey" was still a good mixer—with the crowd and in that football match. He hadn't forgotten the real things that count between a man and his pals. He was still a trier. He took his tumbles with the rest. He didn't expect anything to be put into his lap. He worked for his kicks and he didn't squeal when he failed to get them.

His socks fell down. He was mud from head to foot. He took a real father of a hiding, what with lack of condition and the hard knocks he received, but he revelled in every minute of it.

Hero worship hasn't spoiled this fellow.

£1000 Gift Now For Aces' Mothers

KING'S REGULATIONS will prevent Squadron-Leaders Keith Truscott and Paddy Finucane from accepting and sharing the £1000 cheque given by Mr John Wren.

The Air Ministry points out that acceptance of presents of money from public bodies and private individuals in recognition of services rendered in the performance of duty is forbidden.

On hearing this Mr Wren stated that his cheque would go to the mothers of the airmen.

FAMOUS AIRMAN AGAIN FOOTBALLER.

Squadron-Leader Keith ("Bluey") Truscott, DFC and Bar, dropped with his old team, Melbourne, on his first Saturday back in Victoria from overseas. The famous airman, who led his side, is shown trying to intercept an opponent during the match with Richmond on May 16.

A. Strang

R. Starr

SAINTS' NEW LEADER

Reg Garvin, newly appointed captain-coach of St. Kilda.

Dan Guinnane played brilliantly in the Tiger defence against Fitzroy on Saturday.

Boy Who Became A Hero

TRUSCOTT had MAKINGS of GREATNESS at SCHOOL

I THINK our "Bluey" Truscott, D.F.C. and Bar, world famous Australian fighter ace, must have always been a bit of a devil. A devil in the sense that all top-notch fighter pilots are devils—tenacious possessors of a rich mixture of cold, clear steadiness and the rare quality of almost impudent daring, more effectively called guts.

By LIN BROWNE

"BLUEY" TRUSCOTT, just home again to feast on the fatted calf, had these same materials in the making at the age of 12, when he was in the sub-intermediate stage at Melbourne High School. I first met him there. I remember now clearly that he was once on the point of giving me a "red rose" (in view of his subsequent purposefulness and time in "Dutchers" against Nazi airmen) I made cause to be glad that the threat was not executed.

"Bluey" had no nickname then, except for the occasional use of "Ginger" by Methuselah Schoolboys at the age of 12 they were shun the use of the Christian name as though it were the detonator of folly of ardent affection. Use of the surname is the stamp of manhood: the schoolboy delights in it just as he delights, say, in the breath-taking discovery that he has "all-couples" in the number of his tram ticket—a rare sign of Divine Favor. So "Bluey" was "Truscott, just plain unsentimentalised Truscott—Ay, Truscott!" Truscott told him on. "Truscott, squirt the water over him! Duck him, Truscott; he's a fag."

The boy with a shock of red hair like Truscott either becomes the long-suffering butt for the taunts of his classmates, or finds that it helps him up the pinnacle of school notoriety.

WOULD BE NO BUTT

We soon found out that Bluey was to be no butt. The earliest and only taunts rather suggested pop-gun pot-shots at a tiger. The pop-gun quickly disappeared, but the tiger was still there; for Bluey had a way of keeping his fellows within limits, the knack of being well-liked and well-respected by his classmates.

The quieter, examination-haunted, law-abiding fellows liked him chiefly for his cheekiness. He was constantly being called to order by teachers, and yet they never quelled him; for that we regarded him as a victor over authority which we secretly considered iniquitous, but which we—the lesser spirits—meekly accepted.

His victory gave us vicarious delight without discomfort. He was a sort of modified classroom Wat Tyler, gently challenging the State.

Not that Bluey at that stage knew who Wat Tyler was; we had that bit of history two years later. Our history was about Charlemagne, Mohammed, St. Benedict, Hildebrand, Gustavus Adolphus. I think it was Bluey who once asked Felix — the history master, so named because he never stopped walking in the classroom — whether Savonarola, the monk of Florence, was the inventor of the hot dog.

This was wit to which professors in their lectures sometimes apply themselves; but in a classroom of boys of 12 it was a sin against the educational system. Bluey got 500 lines for his sally; all others who had dared to laugh got liberal doses, too.

The boys were quick to note the mannerisms and weaknesses of teachers: "Bluey" probably quickest of the lot. History consisted chiefly of statistical recording of the number of strides taken by Felix per period; English of counting the number of "er-ums" used by an English master who made free use of the unfortunate "er-um"; and Physics of concerted efforts to sidetrack the master, known as Frowsy, and who was wont to declare very definitely, after having been sidetracked for at least ten minutes, that he was not "going to be sidetracked." Bluey was well to the fore in all these fascinating indoor sports.

MAJESTY OF CAPTAINCY

Probably Mr Woodfull, at that time captain of the Australian XI., was the only master who kept us in full control without making special efforts to do so: the awful majesty and celestial glory of the Australian captaincy reduced us, even Bluey, to dumb, adoring pilgrims at the Shrine of Cricket.

These semi-religious feelings even prevented us from laughing at one of the direst jokes I ever heard. "There will be no sport at the Amateur Sports Ground as it markably successful strategist at football.

His quickness of perception and that uncanny faculty of finding easy ways to do things were two of the very qualities that Nazi airmen were up against in their encounters with him. The follies of the boy became the fortune of the man.

At the other end of the teaching scale to the Great Woodfull were the voice production teacher ("Chazza") and the arithmetic teacher ("Sav"). These were rulers whom we tried to depose, lesson after lesson. Often, I think, we nearly took charge. "Chazza" gave to us the beauties of speech and song; and yet being a man of culture was for boys of twelve a "sissy." Those who recited "Excelsior" for him in unctuously dramatic tones and those who gave the full sweetness of the twelve-year-old treble to the singing of "Twankydillo" were also regarded as sissies, and accordingly persecuted.

Bluey, and a good many others, intent both on preserving their manliness and on not being caught silent, applied their trebles to various sorts of rugged parodies of the songs that the maligned "sissies" sang faithfully. At the same time, Bluey, with others, strove desperately to hurry along the change of voice; to achieve before its time the noble bass of the elderly gentlemen of the Leaving Certificate classes. Vocal strains became, literally, vocal strains. Bluey had a special technique for dealing with his allotted portion of elocution—a very clever, very diplomatic technique.

ALL BUT TEACHER KNEW

To gratify "Chazza" he assumed the "hot potato" method of speech, then exaggerated it to such a degree that everybody, except "Chazza," knew that he was acting the fool. Thus he gave pleasure to "Chazza" and preserved for himself his belief in his own manhood.

Kind-hearted "Sav" had a very broad English accent—not quite Cockney, but something rather like it—which converted Truscott into Trooscart. And it was our custom, quite cruel as it seems to me in maturer years, to assume the same accent in answer to Sav's questions or in asking tomfool questions of him. This was the daily signal for much attempted laughter, much attempted talk, and much attempted con-

An incident during last Saturday's semi-final between East Fremantle and East Perth. Ebbs is marking right in the goal mouth, while Mussman tries vainly to spoil him. J. Sweet is waiting for the knock.

Lindsay White, South's centre forward, is the football talking point of the week. He got 10 goals against Saints and brought his total to 24 in three matches.

ERNIE McALPINE IN MIDDLE EAST

By Terry Toone

ALL football enthusiasts will remember Ernie ("Titta") McAlpine, whose caricature appears

herewith. This has been forwarded from the Middle East, where Ernie is serving with the A.I.F.

He played for Carlton at the time when the side included such other champions as Horrie Clover, Pat O'Brien, Alex Duncan, Harry Vallence and Ray Brew. After leaving Carlton he joined Coburg in the Association, and was in that side during their two premiership years.

Ernie went away with the 2/23rd Infantry Battalion, A.I.F. (Albury's Own). For eight years before enlistment he had been a field umpire.

In the Middle East he has played again. Jim Yewers, of St. Kilda, was on the same side until his return to Australia. He has met Dinny Ryan, Len Thomas, Keith Forbes, Don Harris and many others well known in the game, including George Rudolph, of Richmond. All, he says, are in the "pink."

After playing and umpiring in every grade, Ernie considers that the Association game is "tops" and the only one with a chance of restoring the grand old game to its former pedestal of popularity. He wishes to be remembered to all sports. He also met two old professionals, Tom Duffy and Frank Spurrell.

SGT. KEITH FORBES, back from the Middle East, was entertained at Fitzroy. The former star rover says he is "a ball of muscle." He looks it.

Norman Ware — playing a champion's part for the Bulldogs.

7th WEEK FORMBY FUN

— But Hurry,

THE LAUGHS CAN'T

LAST FOREVER!

DOWN

A Real Gift

J. Titus (R.) and P. Busbridge (C.) have just failed to reach th ball, which goes straight to another Collingwood player.

BOB PRATT, champion goal-kicker, will play for R.A.A.F. against Motors on Sunday. He is in top form.

A hefty lift towards goal is provided by this Collingwood pla... in to relieve a dangerous situation.

Australian Game Is Really "Tops"

KICKING IS BEST IN THE WORLD

By H. A. de Lacy

AUSTRALIAN football has two great advantages over American football, according to Lieut. Norman D. Duncan, of the U.S. Army Special Services Section, and formerly Physical Director at the University of California.

The Australian game allows opportunity for the individual to shine, for the team to co-ordinate cleverly and for the individual to prove himself a great team player.

Lieut. N. D. Duncan, U.S. Army ports organiser, has a high pinion of Australian football.

Players Need To Be Like Racehorses

IN the American game the majority of the team work like slaves for the success of perhaps one man. He gets all the hands and makes the newspaper columns.

Lieut. Duncan, himself a leading American footballer, thinks our game is tops in football, but whether Americans could play it . . . well, he has his doubts. The background to the individual games is so different.

He has become quite a figure in the Richmond training room, where he is known to officials and leading players as "Dunc." "Dunc" was an interested spectator at the Richmond-Footscray game. After the match we got down to discussing the merits and demerits of football codes. The dialogue was something like this:

"Do you think there is a chance of your fellows playing this game while they are here?" I asked.

"Well, now, I am all for the game; but, boy, their background in football is all different. I am wondering if we could get them to 'play cricket' if we let them out there.

"See, it's this way: if one of our fellows saw one of your fellows leaping high for the ball—why, he'd just ram him with a shoulder and cut him in half. Don't mistake me. That is what he is taught to do from the time he is a kid. It would be second nature for him to do it—that's American football—get the other on the ground."

"Wouldn't training knock that out of them?"

Must Be Tough

"Well, it might; but, again, it might not. Our footballers train differently from yours. We start on sand sacks. We practice tackling those sacks. We practice knocking holes in them with our shoulders and heads.

"A guy has to be that darned tough on that sack that when he is finished he can slap right into a wall and not feel it.

"In our game you just have to go right through that other bunch and boy, we go right through. That is our background, and you can see that it would not be 'cricket' out there."

"From your point of view how does this game measure up?"

"It's tops. It's a real great game. THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE YOUR KICKING. Gee, the way those fellows kick with either foot. I was watching a guy out there. He turned and booted it with his left foot. I marked him for a south-paw. Then, boy, he tricked me by booting it with his right foot. That's something we know little about.

"And I like that stab kicking. It's beautiful the way the man dashes out and takes that ball — wop! right on his chest!

"We don't get the chance at accuracy like that. The only time accurate kicking is called for is when we kick on the last 'down.' A team does not look like making the yards. It is last 'down,' so they kick. The ball must be kicked out of bounds near the corner, as near as possible to the one-yard line. The other side takes the ball there and anything might happen. The art is to force them down field with that kick.

Hustling Wins

"There is another thing I like about your game. The team that has the hustle wins. You've got to keep hustling to win. The team that has to stop to think loses. The team that goes about things and gets them done wins. That's good.

"And I like the way a game changes fast. No team is beaten. Just as I was saying, 'Ah, the Tigers have their measure,' bless me if Footscray didn't move smartly up field and ram it home three times and they are out 20-odd points. Then Richmond came back and won it. That's good.

"I was very taken with the crowd as they followed that Richmond bid. They were right behind them rooting for sure. I was a bit in it, too. You've got to be to enjoy football."

"Is there any great difference between our crowd and yours?"

"Yes, quite a lot. Football is a very social game in the States. You might get a crowd of 90,000 at a big college game, with only five or six thousand from the colleges.

"They are usually bunched in the centre on the sides. But there are Hollywood stars and social people there and when the play gets close and exciting, you can't hear yourself speak. Your people get carried away like that too.

"You have a fine game. There's an awful lot to your game. A fellow has to be ambidextrous; he has to be fast. He has to take hard knocks; he has to be quick on his feet. He has to have a mighty good leap.

"As individuals, your Australian players have to be better co-ordinated physically than our fellows."

"They tell me that your training rooms are the last word in luxury."

"Well, believe... they're good. We spend an awful lot of money on football. It costs us £3000 a year to equip a University team. Every player has a locker full of equipment. He doesn't lack a thing.

"We train differently. We never see a masseur. We never 'rub down' as you fellows say. We just train to get tougher and tougher. But there is something to rubbing down in your game. You want fellows like racehorses to play your way. We want fast players too, but they have to be able to knock a hole in that opposite line."

Lieut. Duncan said that the head trainer of an American team is paid more than £800 a season. I was ashamed to tell him what our head trainers get.

One of the best exponents of the stab kick on the run was Tommy Quinn, formerly South Australia's and Geelong's crack rover. Quinn's kicks hit his forwards on the chest like a shot out of a rifle.

Our visitor is won to our game. Of that I am sure.

On the point of our ground play he was rather critical and thought there was far too much fumbling. There certainly was. As to the marking or "catching" as he calls it, he said American players gather the ball more in their fingers, shoulder high on the run. They never spring high for the ball, as do some of our finger-tip experts.

Point To North

J. Alister (North) sweeps across S. Dyer (North) and S. Tormey (St. K.) after a rolling ball at Toorak Park today. His kick brought a minor.

Des Fothergill, Williamstown champion, leaving the ground after an Army game Somewhere in Australia. Fothergill plays regularly and is in top form.

★ Stars Of The Week ★

JIM CLEARY, South Melbourne full back, is the star of the week. In the Essendon-South Melbourne match, Cleary was the one man on the field who was never beaten. His marks against strong opposition in the goal-base were outstanding. He out-manoeuvred his opponent—usually Tom Reynolds — and dragged the ball in at some very awkward angles.

J. Cleary

His kicking, except for a slump in the second quarter, was brilliant. Some of his drives from the far goal reached the centre line far out on the wing and must have measured 70 yards. The kicks he slurred were the result of swinging his foot outside-inside across the ball instead of driving it straight through.

RON SAVAGE, Carlton, follower.

OLD MAGPIE BACK TO NEST

JACK REGAN'S return to Collingwood was welcomed on all sides. He was paid the highest compliment possible in being elected captain. He showed the fans that a footballer is not too old at 31.

Regan gave up three years to cycling before he caught the football craze. In 1929 he played a game

Jack Regan

with Northcote seconds before being invited to play for Collingwood seconds. In 1930 he played three games for Collingwood as a wing half-back. His 12 games in 1931 were at centre half-forward, while he played the entire 1932 season at centre half-back. During the 1933 season he played a few games as full-back. His judgment, kicking and high marking made him one of the outstanding full-backs of all time.

"Phonse" Kyne, Collingwood captain, is one of the leading players with Army, who meet Infantry in the first inter-Service semi-final on Sunday.

ALBY PANNAM, the Magpies' diminutive rover, gave a classy display against South. His energy and elusiveness caused many miscalculations by opponents. We see so little good football these days that Pannam's roving must have been a tonic to the spectators. Tossed about like a cork on occasions, he was at the receiving end of a good buffeting.

Leo Merritt, the Tigers' star wing man, had another big day against Hawthorn. On Saturday against Footscray he and Jim Thoms should have a great battle. Thoms is playing brilliantly.

UNBEATABLE

Arthur Olliver was unbeatable in the Bulldogs' defence against the Tigers.

SGT. KEI
the Midd
at Fitzro
says he

RICHMOND SELECTED TO DEFEAT ESSENDON FOR LEAGUE TITLE

Slightly Better And Steadier As a Team

I AM picking Richmond to win the premiership — still backing my hunch that the Dons are not good enough to take out the title. Certainly the Dons looked better in defeating South on Saturday than they did in that poor showing against the Tigers in the semi-final. But they DID look wretched in the semi-final, and I believe can look as bad again against strong opposition.

They looked better against South, because the Southerners threw in their hand early, offered little opposition after half-time, and made the Dons look full of good football.

AFTER all the good things have been said in favor of the Dons —and they are entitled to full points for ultimately winning Saturday's final—they were beaten in the first quarter. They came away in the second quarter to take the lead. Yet they had lost it again before the interval.

As the third quarter opened Chinn, South rover, twice, and Graham and Bennison once, missed at point-blank range. Those shots rammed home, as they should have been, and the Dons might have been struggling. South let the Dons in badly, then wilted as the Dons, sensing possible defeat in South's attacks, rose and hit back hard.

Any team could have looked good against the South of Saturday.

The Dons will have won many friends as a result of their fine win against South. They are entitled to the support.

Against the Tigers there will be a sterner opposition. Vigorous players will not be allowed the right of way without challenge. Essendon men will collect the full weight of shoulders and hips if they try to barge and crash through packs. A few solid reminders and the vigorous ones will be more careful where they display their vigor. That is just cold fact.

REAL CONTESTS CERTAIN

Against Richmond the Dons will have every mark contested by a team which, if not superior in the air, is at least equal. The Dons won in the air as they liked against South. There wasn't a man outside of Lindsay White able to contest a decent mark.

Defenders ran through lighter men as fire through dry grass when opposed to South. That won't happen against Richmond.

Perhaps Essendon's greatest triumph on Saturday came through their rucks. The Essendon rucks did as they liked. At least four of the Southern rucks were inefficient. It will be different against Richmond. On the previous occasion it was the Dons who cried "enough" in the rucks —not the Tigers.

I still think that the winning factor will be the Richmond centre line. Caesar and Coward, the Essendon wing men, have improved out of sight over the final series, but they are yet far from the real equal to Merritt and Edwards, the Tiger flanks.

The game should be closer and tighter than the meeting of the two in the semi-final. Essendon should play a stronger, more efficient game than then. The danger to Richmond is that the Don defenders are capable of blanketing the key men in attack —Titus and Harris.

DEFENCE IS STRONGER

However, the Tiger defenders are stronger. With Smeaton at full-back they should be able to neutralise the Don attack, in which Lane is the danger.

There is a similarity between the teams that gives the game extra possibilities. Be sure that neither can afford to allow the other the slightest liberty. I think the Tigers are best equipped for that type of game.

To me the Tigers are slightly better in all parts, and certainly steadier than the Dons. They have the power to counter the individual brilliance of the Dons with concerted action.

Jack Dyer, Richmond captain-coach, is not over-confident; in fact, has a healthy regard for the prowess of the Dons. "We are taking no chances," he said. "We know we can win it and win it well, but there is going to be no slip-up through over-confidence. Every man who goes out for us will have a job to do and will be fit to do the job. This is our year, as I have told you before."

Dick Reynolds, Essendon captain-coach, is very confident that his team will beat South, and then win the Grand Final.

Ron Todd.

Should Have Been Free To Ware

NORMAN WARE has been interfered with while legitimately trying to mark. The offender was not free-kicked.

George Smeaton, Tiger full back, takes a spectacular mark over the head of Tom Reynolds, Don full forward. An incident in the League semi-final, when the Tigers outclassed Essendon. Smeaton played brilliantly at full back and eclipsed the Don full forward.

Led Many Attacks

COLLINGWOOD selectors were happy when "Phonse" Kyne got Army leave. He made a big difference to the Magpie side to lead many attacks. His understanding with Pannam has not been impaired by his absence.

Another pleasing thing for Collingwood was the promising display by Williams at full-forward. He has height and reach, and a sure pair of hands. With the alert Murphy on one flank, and Pannam, or his nephew, Richards, on the other, the Magpies have an efficient full-forward line.

★ ESSENDON 1942 LEAGUE PREMIERS ★

Just Missed

Richmond Outplayed By Superior All-Round Team

TIGERS' BIG MEN FAIL

By H. A. de LACY

At Carlton. Official attendance 49,000. Takings £4640.

ESSENDON easily won the League Grand Final against Richmond at Carlton today. After the first quarter the result was never in doubt.

Holding Richmond by crowding play in the first term Essendon, in the second, made full use of an assisting wind, to lead at the interval by 34 points. The Tigers had only themselves to blame for the bad position—they had failed in the fundamentals of the game and showed a bad understanding of tactics.

UNDER ideal conditions, Richmond, winner of the second semi-final, and Essendon, winner of the preliminary final, met at Carlton today to decide the premiership. A pleasant breeze favoring the Carlton St. goal, tempered the conditions. The attendance at the start of the match seemed to exceed 40,000.

Richmond made two alterations to the team from the semi-final, dropping Ablett for Morris and Hull for Reilly. Essendon played the same side that won the preliminary final against South Melbourne last week.

Umpire was Hawkins, who had handled both semi-finals. The Tigers were first out and were photographed. Dyer won the toss and chose to use the breeze.

First kick of the day came from Coward who, skirting the ruck, drove to the half-forward flank.

Guinane marked his kick and Symons in turn marked but Bushby drove it out of the goal square. Coward was down to a hard knock. His free kick was marked by Dyer, who drove down the centre to Morris and a brilliant mark was followed by a kick into the goal square again. This time Ruddell managed to force the ball out.

Richmond came again and in the move Bawden was floored and hurt.

Richmond came back in some torrid passages, but had to drop out and Dick Reynolds had a chance. Nothing came of it until Tom Reynolds was freed right in front. An inaccurate kick brought a behind.

The kick-off was weak, and was gathered by Dick Reynolds, who, in his over-anxiousness, dropped the ball. Smeaton returned. Essendon then came to hot attack. After Exelby had had a shot, Reilly, in endeavoring to save, pushed it through for Essendon's second behind. Another bad kick [illegible] forward wing. Young Burge [illegible] should have received a free, but Buttsworth dashed in and relieved. Sullivan marked, but his kick found Buttsworth again. It was still kick for kick over the centre line, Buttsworth's kick being marked by Bawden, who, however, hit the man on the mark.

A free to Dick Reynolds, and a wrong decision which gave Lane a mark right in front, brought Essendon's sixth miss. At this time the bad kicking was rivalled only by the mistakes in umpiring.

It was from a bad kick-off that Exelby snapped up the ball and drove it through for Essendon's first goal, the board showing 1.6 to 1.1.

The Tigers were driven out again, and then Dyer, moving across the centre, found Bawden, but a kick in front from 30 yards out just missed.

The atrocious kicking of the Tigers in their field play had cost them many points. Another behind came from a long kick by Randall. Changing his play, Ruddell passed round the grandstand wing to Plummer, but the move let Richmond in again. Two kicks, one from Titus and one from Hay, went out of bounds at the behind post. A free to Torney relieved the pressure, but the ball was scrambled across the centre, and Edwards, whipping in, had a pot shot for a point, making the score 1.6 to 1.4 in favor of the Dons.

Essendon relieved around the outer wing, but Scott intercepted with a nice mark and passed to Morris, but a hurried kick was snapped up by Buttsworth, and the Tigers were again driven back in defence. They came back, but were twice beaten out right from the goal-base.

Abbott became ambitious when he tried to run through two Tiger [illegible] snapped the hit-out and [illegible] well in front of goal. Sm[illegible] marked and turned the attack, passed to Hay, who drove sm[illegible] on endeavoring to pass to Tit[illegible]

ESSENDON IN CHA..GE

Titus should have received three free kicks in a series of scrambles. The game swung across the centre and Dearle snapped it through for Essendon's 7th goal.

The big Richmond men were not getting the breaks. On the play the Dons should have been much farther ahead. They had mastered Richmond's big men and scouting cleverly were winning in every part of the field.

Dick Reynolds got 8th goal. The Dons were constantly in attack. It was bad luck that a brilliant mark to Morris was disallowed on some technicality or other and a free awarded to Abbott.

Then Edwards, after taking a mark on the outer wing, was torpedoed without either mark or free being awarded.

Still it was the Dons who were first to the ball and making the game brilliantly. If there was a way of short-circuiting the Tigers' big men they found it.

Leehane got a free and a no-drop decision against Smeaton and a long kick went out near the behind post. A well-deserved free kick to Dick Reynolds, who sent in a long kick, but the ball was touched in transit. Essendon, with 8.14 to 4.4, thoroughly deserved the lead. Next it was Dearle who had a runing shot, which went out of bounds.

Only the bell brought relief to the worried Tigers, who were 4 goals 10 behinds in arrears. They were at a loss to counter the brilliancy of Essendon or to understand the umpire's wishes. On the merits of the play Essendon might have had a 10 goal lead. There was no excuse for the Tigers. They had failed in the fundamentals of the game—picking up the loose man, minding their men, kicking the ball and supporting each other by shepherding. Up till half-time Richmond had outmarked Essendon with 41 to 37 marks. Essendon had received 11 free kicks in each quarter—a total of 22, while Richmond had received 15 in the same period.

In the second quarter Essendon had 17 shots for goal, making 25 in the first half. Richmond had had two shots in this term and eight for the game, from all of which it can be recognised that Essendon had made the play from the first bounce. Both sides had been guilty of some rough tactics. Umpire Hawkins did the wrong thing at times. His decisions were a mixture of technicality and licence.

HALF TIME

	Gls.	Bhds.	Pts.
ESSENDON	8	14	62
RICHMOND	4	4	28

THE TEAMS:

Essendon

Backs: Plummer, Ruddell, Bushby.
Half-backs: Flanigan, Buttsworth, Hird.
Centres: Caesar, Dearle, Coward.
Half - forwards: Hutchinson, Lane, Abbott.
Forwards: T. Reynolds, Leehane, Exelby.
Ruck: Torney, Cassin, R. Reynolds.
19th: Silk.

Richmond

Backs: Guinane, Smeaton, Reilly.
Half-backs: Steele, Sullivan, Scott.
Centres: Edwards, Waldron, Merrett.
Half-forwards: Randall, Symons, Hay.
Forwards: Bawden, Titus, Burge.
Ruck: Dyer (c.), Morris, Harris.
19th: D. Martin.
Burge (injured) replaced by Martin, first quarter.

Umpire: Hawkins.

Smeaton (R.) has come from behind to take a mark in the grand final, but just missed. The umpire ordered "play on." Guinane (R.) and T. Reynolds (E.) are also in the air, while Leehane (E.) and Exelby (E.) are farther afield.

Richmond Not In Hur[illegible]

THE Tigers immediately went into attack and after a particularly fine pick-up by Hay, Martin snapped third goal. Essendon's third came from an almost similar position, Exelby popping it through. In another attack by Richmond Scott clever turned and passed accurately to the opposition man, Castles. The latter played it across the centre to Coward and Lane ran through for a mark and beautiful goal.

A bad mistake by Sullivan let Lane in, but rushing on instead of straightening up he kicked out of bounds. A snap from the ruck was touched by Smeaton. A free to Flanagan brought the Dons into attack again and from close to the goal Exelby fired across for Tom Reynolds to mark on the opposite boundary. He passed to Lane but a sitter was missed.

Richmond was in danger with the Dons playing all over the target and there seems always to be a free Essendon man at centre half-back and centre half-forward.

It was just such a situation that saw the ball fired across to Casson and an accurate kick bring fifth goal. The Tigers were 17 points behind and playing badly. The attacks they did launch were usually turned on the half-back line. They got a little closer but Harris was free-kicked for holding the ball and Buttsworth, trying to crash through a bunch, was brought down. If he had been seriously injured it would have been his own fault. He took the risk and the consequences.

Essendon swept the ball forward and a goal to Dick Reynolds and a point to Hutchinson made the Tigers' position desperate. Twice Hay marked and drove the ball into attack. The game seemed to be getting out of hand.

Down the centre next raced the Dons, Lane marking and passing to Dick Reynolds, who sent it over to Tom. Smeaton marked and stemmed the attack.

Later a short pass by Smeaton rolled out of bounds but there was no result. Relief came to the Tigers as Edwards raced around the outer wing, but his kick went out of bounds. Dick Reynolds back men. He fell like a stone, tried to hand-pass, and was freed for throwing. It was a wild, rather than scientific, game.

CROWDING CHECKS TIGERS

The Tigers were unable to break through from the goal square. They were the better team, and had the assistance of the wind. Crowding in front of goal made the work of the Essendon defenders easier. It was again Edwards with a nice kick who sent the ball in front, but the rucks crowded forward, and Exelby three times was able to turn them out.

Following a nasty scrimmage, Harris got a free, which brought second goal. Waldron received a knock on the jaw, and as he dropped the ball it was shot across to Lane. Then, from in front, Abbott popped it through for second goal.

The quarter ended with Essendon two points in front, although Richmond had the wind.

Richmond had looked the better team, and handled the ball more, but the solid defence of the Dons had minimised scoring.

Burge (R.), who had been dropped in goal without the benefit of even a free kick, was replaced by Martin. It had been a bad quarter for Richmond. The umpiring had indicated much ado about nothing, while incidents that should have brought free kicks were missed.

QUARTER TIME

	Gls.	Bhds.
ESSENDON	2	6
RICHMOND	2	4

The [illegible] at Fi[illegible] says [illegible]

Dons Go Further Ahead

THERE was some delay at start of the third quarter while the respective captains, R. Reynolds, Essendon, and J. Dyer, Richmond, spoke over the amplifiers in support of the Austerity Loan. Then the broadcasting van slowly wended its way across the ground, advertising a picture show. Richmond had made a vital alteration, placing Bawden at centre half-forward, in opposition to Buttsworth. Essendon immediately went into attack on the resumption.

Dick Reynolds, who had dominated the roving, whipped across and shot the ball towards the wing. Richmond came back at them hard, and Dyer whipped the ball across to Symons, but a wretched kick was swept away. Dyer marked again, shot it over to Edwards, and Randall brought down a fine mark. A bad kick brought a point. Merrett drove in the next attack, but Caesar and Reynolds sent them out again. [illegible]cing play around the outer the Dons looked set for an intrusion into Tiger territory, but a bad kick sent the ball [illegible]f bounds.

[illegible]rrett raced around the back [illegible]pose Bushby and out went [illegible]igers again. Playing like the champion he is, Merrett three outmanoeuvred Caesar to [illegible]he ball into attack. Racing across the ground to the [illegible] wing, Coward forced the Richmond backs out of position, allowing Lane to mark and kick a nice goal.

On either side of the ground, Merrett and Morris outmarked and outplayed their opponents and kept the Tigers constantly in attack. Symons, racing in, missed a shot from 10 yards out. Again and again, Merrett procured the ball and drove forward. He tried long kicks and he tried short passes, but on no occasion did he manage to find a Richmond forward. The Tigers were bringing about their own undoing by crowding into goal. Symons met every fresh advance like a racehorse, but kicked like a novice.

BAD MISS BY RANDALL

Randall again brought down a mark in the pack, but missed at point blank range. The crowd roared when the umpire whistled a free to Dearle, but allowed the play to go on yards up the field. As a result, Essendon got 10th goal. Immediately Richmond went into attack, and a free to Dyer brought the long-awaited 5th goal to the Tigers.

After a hot duel in the centre Edwards received a free, and long drop kick shot the ball right into the teeth of goal, but Dons sent it away once again. Tigers were finding it almost impossible to break through. Harris got a behind, and from the kick-off Essendon showed Richmond how the game should be played. Ruddell tapped it over the line, and raced round the stand wing. His kick was marked by Flanagan, and Lane marked in turn to get 11th goal.

Still fighting, but as individuals, the Tigers brought it back again and a long shot by Symons brought still another point. Essendon led 11.15 to 5.8. It was pathetic to see the efforts of the Tiger forwards to get the ball as young Merrett, times without number, get them into attack.

In everything they did, the Dons were the football team. The Tigers were strugglers. Every Essendon move was concerted; every Tiger attack a struggle of individuals.

There was a mix-up as Lane got the next goal for Essendon, and the boundary umpires raced in to take numbers. At this stage the game seemed to get right out of hand.

There was a bad scuffle in front of the Heatley stand. Players went down like ninepins and blows were struck to the accompaniment of the usual jostling. A mark had been awarded to Cassin and when the players cooled down and took his kick, he shot it [illegible] bounds. However, immediately afterwards in a rush Cassin [illegible]ped it through and Richmond position appeared practically hopeless.

TIGERS EASILY TURNED

Still Essendon handled the ball like a football team, and still the Tigers fumbled. The Dons had won so convincingly in the centre that it was a wonder Richmond had not made a change. The Tigers kept up a constant pressure, but the Dons turned play around the wing and Scott had to fight hard for the mark to turn them back again. Some players at this stage had completely lost control of themselves.

With 14th goal to Essendon, the Tigers' rout seemed complete. The game had been converted into a football lesson by the magnificent concerted play of the Dons. The Tigers were reduced to a rabble, continuing to struggle for goal like individuals. To add to the Tigers' deficiences, Essendon had completely outmarked them with 26 to 17 for the quarter and 58 for the game. Only 10 free kicks had been awarded for the quarter — four to Essendon and six to Richmond. Essendon had had 9 shots for 6.2 to Richmond's 8 shots for 1.6.

THREE-QUARTER TIME

	Gls.	Bhds.	Pts.
ESSENDON	14	16	100
RICHMOND	5	10	40

Tigers In Forlorn Hope

A LONG-AWAITED change in the Tigers' centre had taken place, Waldron being replaced by Merrett. Bawden was centre half-back and Symons at centre half-forward. It didn't seem to matter, for the Dons attacked immediately. Merrett, however seemed unbeatable. He drove the ball in front of goal and Hay had a shot. There was another mix-up after Sullivan had taken a mark.

The ball was taken from Sullivan and given to Bushby. It was a bad decision — at best, the ball should have been bounced.

The Tigers came back again, but were easily turned out. Waldron, however, brought play back and Symons marked, but again missed from five yards out.

Still another bad incident occurred when Harris marked and received a jolt. He got the goal after a second kick had been allowed. As he went back to his place he was kicked. Titus manoeuvred cleverly to allow Symons another shot, which proved a bad miss from an easy shot.

EASY FOR ESSENDON

The contrast beetween the styles of the teams was most marked. Essendon always knew what to do with the ball, and did it. A bad mistake in passing across goal by Scott let Essendon in, and Tom Reynolds popped it through. To Essendon it was elementary. Lane followed with another from the magnificent work of Dick Reynolds, who was easily the best man on the ground.

No one had been able to stop Reynolds as he skirted the pack or dived through with the ball, always to give it to a team mate. After the criticism I had levelled against Essendon throughout the season the Dons were making me eat my words with a vengeance today.

It looked as if Dearle had got another goal, but a free to Smeaton saved the Tigers. The crowd cheered ironically when Jack Titus got his first goal for the match. A long kick by Dearle brought 17th goal—more than ever it was a rout.

It was one of the most easily won grand finals I have seen. The Dons answered every criticism with their magnificent football.

Richmond scored again, but even "wild heads" began to be[illegible] themselves as the game [illegible]ed out and Essendon went on [illegible] a comfortable victory. It was their first premiership since 1924 and their seventh in the League.

It had been a vicious match in some respects with individual players inclined to run amok. The Essendon captain, Dick Reynolds, was carried shoulder high from the ground, a fitting token for a magnificent game.

Total marks for the game were:—Essendon, 78; Richmond, 85. Free kicks.—Essendon, 34; Richmond, 30. Shots at goal.—Essendon, 41; Richmond, 25.

The four games of the final series drew 132,000 spectators with takings £12,113. For the four matches last year 263,596 people attended and paid £21,748, a record.

FINAL

	Gls.	Bhds.	Pts.
Essendon	19	18	132
Richmond	11	13	79

GOAL-KICKERS. — Essendon: Lane (6), R. Reynolds (4), Cassin (3), Exelby (2), Dearle (2), T. Reynolds, Abbott. Richmond: Harris (3), Dyer (2), Titus (2), Merrett, Martin, Randall, Hay.

Best Players.—Essendon: Dick Reynolds (best on ground), Dearle, Coward, Abbott, Buttsworth, Flanagan, Torney, Lane. Richmond: Merrett (easily their best), Steele, Guinane, Edwards, Morris, Hay, Scott.

Richmond's changes: Changes from the second semi-final team made by Richmond were: — In: Reilly, Morris, D. Martin (19th). Out: Ablett, Hull, Oppy (19th). Team was completed at the ground.

NEXT SATURDAY

(ESSENDON)

v. SERVICES EIGHTEEN

At Carlton. Start at 2.45.

Greatest Footballers of Last 20 Years

HOPKINS and EICKE are ENTITLED TO PLACES

I am entering the Best Footballers discussion to further the claims of two players who have so far not been mentioned—Alan Hopkins, the Footscray champion, and Wels Eicke (St. Kilda).

After playing for 20 years with and against these men I rate them equalled only by Ivor Warne Smith as the greatest players we have produced in the last 20 years. Taking all things into consideration, I would place Hopkins and Eicke ahead of Roy Cazaly and Laurie Nash.

By BILL CUBBINS, St. Kilda and Footscray Captain and Coach

THE points I intend to make arise only out of my playing experience. I have had to counter these men, and I have played with them both. I played with Eicke for 16 years, and against Hopkins. Then I played against Eicke, who was coach of North Melbourne. Later, as coach of Footscray, I played with Hopkins. So I should know their football. Only Ivor Warne Smith challenges them, in my estimation.

That does not mean that the other fellows were not good footballers. They were. I played with "Cazzer" for many years, and I know better than most just what a champion he was. I played against Nash. He was tops. Actually, I never had to "mind" Nash. I did the others.

Bunton was a champion at Fitzroy, when I coached Footscray. If Bunton had not been such an individualist he would have stood out. As a ball-getter he has never had a superior, but surely a player must do something with the ball he gets, if he is to be the Champion of Champions.

Bunton did not deliver the ball to a team mate, as, in my opinion, he should have done, and called for the ball far too often. He played an individual game when he had the ability to play a team game. Had he sacrificed something of his own performance and helped bolster the play of his team-mates, he would have been a greater asset to Fitzroy. But by his continual calling for the ball he negatived the football of many a good player.

Could Stab-Kick

I HEARD it said that Bunton could not stab-kick a ball. I don't agree. Readers might remember an interstate game against South Australia, in which he gave a perfect exhibition of passing.

I hold that Bunton, by trying to do too much, never gave himself the opportunity to stab-kick. Had he kicked when he had evaded one opponent he would have fared better with his kicking, but usually he strove to pass still another player, and finally was crowded. He then had to deliver the ball with a lolly-like punt.

Above Cazaly, Nash and Bunton I place Hopkins and Eicke. Only Warne Smith challenged them. I can't separate Eicke and Warne Smith, with Hopkins so close that it does not matter.

Some hold that Eicke was just a spectacular individualist. I hold that he was a champion, because I saw him play in every position on the field, and play like a champion.

When St. Kilda was "just a side," I saw Wels Eicke called on to play in four different positions in the one game. He stemmed the tide in each, and excelled himself just as a champion should.

When I was in Adelaide, in 1922 or thereabouts, people would stop me and ask "Is that fellow Eicke still playing in Melbourne; he beat South Australia on his own?" They would then begin to tell of the doughty game played by Wels against the South Australians.

I don't think that Wels Eicke lacked anything. He had extraordinary marking ability. He was the highest flyer we have known for his inches. He was only 5.9. His judgment was uncanny. I have seen six fellows up for a mark and Eicke waist high above them. He'd snap the ball away to take a glorious mark.

He was a perfect kick and had loads of stamina.

Remarkable Gifts

ALAN HOPKINS was a different type of player altogether. He was most unnatural—one of the type who never seemed to be moving, yet very few could catch him. His evasion was remarkable. I have seen him just sway in his stride to let an attacker sweep past him. In a trice he would be moving like a flash again, leaving one wondering how he had avoided being knocked down.

He delivered the ball with uncanny accuracy. He wanted only half a stride to send the ball skimming like a bullet to the man he had singled out. He had a wise old football head and never made real mistakes.

He played centre and rover while I was at Footscray, but I sent him to every part of the field, even to full back.

There were times when we looked a beaten side and I said to Hopkins, "Do what you like, Alan—you've got an open card."

He would weave [illegible] rushes and away again [illegible] every part of our [illegible] sending that ball like [illegible] to the men in the be[illegible] to use it. He won[illegible] hard game for us t[illegible]

That is the big [illegible] that Hopkins had over [illegible] not only went into t[illegible] and made the plays, bu[illegible] ulated his team by the [illegible] made every man a pos[illegible] winning factor. He did not try to do too much, but sent the ball to a team mate as if to say: "This is your big chance, lad, don't let us down."

Bunton could not play that type of football, though Hopkins had nothing on him at getting possession of the ball. Bunton had to do it all himself.

Without the slightest doubt, Alan Hopkins was the greatest team lifter I [illegible] encountered.

Hopkins was three times runner-up for Brownlow medals, and I hold that on each occasion the man who received the award was not in the same grade as him as a footballer. It stands as one of the greatest injustices in football that Alan Hopkins did not receive a Brownlow Medal. He won the award a dozen times over.

Had Everything

WARNE-SMITH stands out in my appreciation because he was a past-master at every phase of the game as a footballer. In addition his captaincy was—well, I have never seen his superior. He had the ability to size up the other fellow's game and get the most out of his own men by playing them off against the opposition weaknesses.

I speak in this strain for Ivor was captain of a rival school at the same time as I. He went to Brighton and I to Brighton Road. We followed our rivalry through to the League, he with Melbourne, I with St. Kilda and Footscray.

Warne-Smith had everything. In addition he could stand up to punishment. The opponent who bumped him just slid off a well-turned hip or a shoulder that beat him to it.

Warne-Smith took care of himself and his team mates in the fairest possible way, but he was far from being anyone's Aunt Sally. Seldom did anyone succeed in knocking him off his feet. All the time he moved in and out of a game, marking, kicking or gathering the ball in championship vein.

One thing that some people missed about Ivor was that he could play as well the left-footer's game as he could the right-footer's. He often gained a yard in the clear by turning to his left foot when he was expected to use his right boot.

As a captain he had the great asset of being able to set a side the example in what he wanted them to do.

The year Melbourne won the premiership—in 1926—Ivor had played two quarters in the ruck against Essendon when Bob Corbett was hurt. He then went into the centre and became a winning factor. The following week, in the grand final against Collingwood, it was the manner in which he presented opportunities to Dick Taylor and through Taylor to Wittman and Moyes that won the game for the Demons.

Some Real Stars

THREE other players for whom I had the greatest respect, as an opponent, were Jack Collins (Geelong forward), Jimmy Smith (a grand Tiger all-rounder), and Horrie Clover. Horrie was a wonderful centre half-forward, probably the game's best.

Jack Collins for outstanding brilliance might never have been excelled. On his day no man ever cast a shadow on Collins. He was unbeatable.

Mention has been made of Colin Watson. I played with and captained Colin, and few know his football better than I do. I make no bones about saying that as a footballer, and in team value, Hopkins and Eicke were grades ahead of Watson.

It is a great pity we can't turn on this wonderful pair at their top once again. I know what would happen in a public vote if they were playing.

Dick Reynolds, Essendon captain-coach, will not hear of defeat. "We will win it and confound our critics," he says. Reynolds played excellently as first rover on Saturday and no doubt will rove again in the grand final. He was centre in the semi-final. Reynolds says his men are now at their top and will prove too fast and versatile for the Tigers.

Alan Hopkins

Hard-Fighting Bull-Dog

TED ELLIS, Footscray's vice-captain, worked overtime in a back pocket to stem the tide against Carlton. He relieved repeatedly, only to find the ball coming back into his territory. Ted accomplished his task so well that he was generally accorded the distinction of being best man on the ground.

Doing Good Job

Bill Findlay, doing a good job as captain and coach of the speedy Northerners.

J. J. MAHER PASSES

Great Sport Writer and Real Sportsman

MR J. J. MAHER, Cycling and Athletics Editor since the inception of The Sporting Globe in 1922, died last Wednesday and was buried next day at Brighton Cemetery.

JOHN JOSEPH MAHER, "Johnny" to those of us who worked with him, "Jack" to thousands, and "J.J." to many to whom his name was a household word in athletics and cycling, was a true, warm-hearted friend, a great journalist, a real man, and a sportsman of the highest order.

For dynamic and seemingly unending energy, Jack Maher was unique. If a job had to be done, no matter how hard, under no matter what conditions, irrespective of place or time, Johnny would attack and do it—and it would be done in his own inimitable sympathetic and competent manner at any hour of the day or night.

Johnny was kind to everyone, but indifferent to himself in that he never gave self a thought. Had he been easier with himself he would not have suffered the collapse that eventually meant his end.

Among the many sporting events which he organised was the Services Carnival at the Melbourne Cricket Ground in November, 1940. Five days before that meeting he was at the M.C.C. office, finalising the many details that such a job involves. Breaking point in energy expenditure was reached, and he suffered a stroke.

Taken to hospital, he was there when the big meeting came successfully through. The then Prime Minister, Mr Menzies, paid a wonderful tribute to the work that the stricken organiser had done.

Some months later he returned to duty, determined to prove that he could "carry on," no matter what the handicap. The task was too great, and he had to slow down.

A further visit to hospital was followed by a period of rest. Then in June last came another breakdown, from which he never recovered.

GREAT ORGANISER FOR CHARITY

JOHN JOSEPH MAHER was born at Sydney in 1889. His father was one of the founders of Australian football in N.S.W. John came to Melbourne at an early age and was educated at C.B.C., East St. Kilda.

Before his appointment to the staff of The Herald and Weekly Times Ltd. in 1909, he was assistant town clerk at

The late J. J. Maher

Hawthorn, contributed on sporting subjects to Melbourne and Sydney papers, organised many concert parties, particularly those for St. Patrick's Day [illegible] Theatrical artists, including [illegible] Doone, Marie Tempest, Julius Grant, Bert Bailey. He gave Florence Austral her first professional engagement.

His principal activity in the sports field was associated with the Ma[illegible] Harriers, of which he was a [illegible]

member, and he ran mostly over middle distances up to a mile. As a member of the Melbourne Walkers' Club he took part in many memorable "hikes" and knew thoroughly the Australian Alps.

With Wallace Sharland, the late George Sparrow and Dave McNamara, Maher organised, more than a decade ago, the annual Sportsmen's Carnival and was responsible, through that great gathering of sportsmen under the auspices of The Sporting Globe, for raising many thousands of pounds for the Children's Hospital.

Throughout his life, working for charity was a passion with him, and directly and indirectly most institutions in this State are in his debt.

From the time Johnny became associated with The Herald and Globe, he did not miss a Stawell Gift meeting. He would have missed for the first time this year—but the war stopped the great gathering. He covered National and State championships, world's championship pro. sprints, Empire Games, Centenary carnivals, and many other major fixtures year after year, and with most of them he had a big hand in organising.

He was the first world-known journalist to receive an invitation from the Japanese Government to be present at the Olympic Games, scheduled for Tokyo in 1940.

He was an hon. member of the British A.A.A., an honor bestowed on him for his great work in connection with the Empire Games, a life member of the V.A.L. and was intimately associated with many other amateur and professional sporting bodies.

Our late colleague was a deeply religious man, and one in whom the principles of Christianity were important before all other things.

He never knowingly did a wrong. He helped many and did so often at personal sacrifice.

We mourn a grand, human, generous soul, and offer to his widow, his son John, aged 15, his daughter, Barbara, aged 11, and his step-son, Arthur Mathers and all relatives our deepest sympathy. The Globe and its staff will have much missing without Jack Maher.—R.I.P.

GLOBE WRITER'S VISIT TO TROOPS

H. A. de Lacy, Football Editor, leaves shortly as an accredited correspondent to represent the Sporting Globe in war zones. His mission is to make contact with soldier-sportsmen and gather material for special articles for this paper.

He will endeavor to give readers full and accurate accounts—first-hand wherever possible—of the parts being played by well-known sportsmen in Australia's fight for freedom. He will have an opportunity of studying the recreational activities of the Services.

Mr De Lacy's visit has the approval of Brigadier E. G. Knox, Director-General of Public Relations, who said: "It should be of great value to the army, as well as to your newspaper and the general public, that someone should visit the troops particularly to emphasise the soldier-sportsman angle."

H. A. de LACY

FAREWELL DINNER

Mr Harry Dyke, president of the Richmond Football Club, on Monday night farewelled Mr De Lacy at a dinner party, at which the following were present: — Major-Gen. W. J. M. Locke, Capt. H. Rich, representing Geelong F.C.; Capt. A. Eager, Vic. L. of C. Amenities Officer; football presidents W. Crichton (Essendon), Ken Luke (Carlton), Frank Trainor (North Melbourne), Con Curtain (Footscray), Lionel Newton (South Melbourne) and H. (Lal) McLennan (Fitzroy), W. Pethard, St. Kilda F.C.; P. Mitchell, Fitzroy F.C.; Tom Coles, South Melbourne F.C.; W. Doran, North Melbourne F.C.; J. M. Fleming, secretary, and Jack Dyer, captain and coach of Richmond.

Tributes to Mr de Lacy's work in the interests of The Globe, the Services, and of football were paid by all members of the party.

"Through his writings in The Sporting Globe, and his untiring efforts to provide sporting equipment for troops, Hec de Lacy has done wonderful work for sport in the Forces, and has won their confidence and gratitude," said Major-General W. J. M. Locke, M.C. He was glad, he added, that de Lacy would have the opportunity for wider scope in war zones—an opportunity he would undoubtedly make the most of.

"De Lacy forsaw the shortage of sporting materials for the Services," said Major-Gen. Locke, "and did his best to impress the right people. Failing in this he secured materials himself, for the Services. No request for help from the remotest unit was neglected. I know just what a great job he did, and what an uplift must have been given to our troops as the result of the way he helped us in our games."

Capt. Rich said [illegible]

[illegible] DAVID COPPERFIELD [illegible]

[illegible] Ma[illegible]

seys he always knew where to get them. He had been of great assistance in helping the U.S. troops adapt Australian material to their sporting needs.

Officials of League football clubs, while mostly admitting that they disagreed with de Lacy at times, were unanimous that he had, through the columns of The Globe, performed splendid service to the game and had proved a live factor in promoting public interest.

"He has given us the cane once or twice, and we took it in the right spirit—for it was deserved," said Harry Dyke, Richmond president.

"Hec de Lacy has the knack of stirring up interesting discussions—even now he has the whole football world arguing over the best footballers in the last 20 years," remarked Lal McLennan, Fitzroy president.

"De Lacy's criticism was always constructive, and we at Richmond certainly derived benefit from it," said Jack Dyer, Tiger captain-coach.

"We didn't see eye to eye with de Lacy last season, but he was entitled to his opinion and, at any rate, we've forgiven him now—we realise that he was quite sincere, with the good of the game at heart," said Wally Crichton, Essendon president.

POINTS FOR ARGUMENT

"Nobody has done more to create crowd interest in football than Hec," said Ken Luke, Carlton president. "He raised points for discussion, and the crowd flocked to the games to settle in their own way points he raised. He criticised strongly, but we at Carlton respected his criticism. We knew his sincerity of purpose."

"The only fight I nearly had in football was over Hec de Lacy," said Con Curtain, Footscray president, "so he must have his supporters. I can say truthfully that he is always welcome at Footscray. We like his frankness."

"I have known the 'culprit' [illegible] we were schoolboys together," said Lionel Newton, South Melbourne president. "He's much the [illegible] now as he was then—fighting what he thought was right. He believed that the public needed football in war-time, and he did the job in keeping it going."

In reply, Mr de Lacy jokingly said: "You almost make me believe in ghosts. I had an Irish grandfather, and it would seem from what you say, that if there is any government in football, then I am up again it."

Continuing, he said that what little had been done for the Services had only been possible through the support of loyal sportsmen. They would agree that if the help were multiplied a hundred-fold it would not nearly compensate for what the Services were doing for us.

As to football, he had always kept two thoughts uppermost in his mind—the first that football could only survive and develop in Victoria under one State control, and secondly, that if he found the supporters of one team cheering him, he could be certain that the supporters of the other team were hooting their throats out.

THROWS FOOTBALL SEVENTY YARDS

By ERN COWLEY

BILL JOST is the "talk of the town" because he can throw an American football further than our best footballers can kick an Australian ball. Twice he has covered over 70 yards in challenge tests against our footballers. Up to the time of writing, Wally Buttsworth (Essendon) with 69yds. 1ft. 8in. has kicked the greatest distance.

WE know little about throwing the football, but Bill is champion in his own right. It was a one-horse race in the international tests recently held on the Richmond ground.

Bill took time off during his warming-up for a contest during the interval of the Carlton-Essendon match to show a Digger how to throw the football. The soldier had thrown the ball 15 yards in a wobbling delivery. Bill placed the Digger's fingers on the ball and the crowd loudly applauded at the resultant throw, spiralled neatly for about 30 yards.

The chief actors in the comedy shook hands and Bill nonchalantly took his place in the tests. His first throw travelled just over 71 yards! He received a great ovation.

It's the natural thrower who covers distances exceeding 50 yards. The American considers it's around 12 years of age that one begins to notice that he has developed a spiral in his throw and sees the ball really "take the air."

The action of throwing the gridiron ball is similar to spear throwing. There is no round-arm delivery, just a heave from a full-arm back-stretch. From then on it's a case of developing a "close spiral." And that takes hours of practice.

How Bill Jost (U.S. Forces) grips the gridiron football in preparatory to his throw. Note his powerful finger spread.

GRIP FOR THE THROW

A small finger spread is a drawback, as the ball must be firmly held with the fingertips spread fan-wise across the lacing. Bill Jost prefers to have two small fingers contacting the lacing and a strong spread of the thumb underneath.

Without this strong grip it would be useless to snap the wrist in delivering the ball. It is the final snap of the wrist that imparts the speed-gathering spiral which makes the ball go places. There must be, of course, a complete follow-through.

Bill declares baseball has developed his throwing arm, and likens the football throw to the catcher's delivery to second base. Much depends on balance with the right (back) foot as the pivot, which gives the necessary full-body power.

The pitcher at baseball delivers the ball past the body-line and depends largely on his arm and follow through; the catcher throws against the body-line at the point of delivery. There is, therefore, more strain on the catcher and on the football thrower.

Bill Jost is a New Yorker. The football team, for which he played full-back because of his passing ability, is the Huntington Golden Bears. He played baseball in Class AA, a highly rated league in the home of baseball.

The American has been a great attraction at the football games, at which he has given exhibitions, and he has helped several charity entertainments. He is ever willing to give his services freely, especially in contests against Australian footballers.

Northern Territory Football Premiers

Northern Territory Football Premiers, 1942. This photo of the 2/4 Pioneer Coy.'s premiership team has just arrived. The story of the match was published in The Globe of Nov. 7. The team is:—Back row (left to right): George Bates (Richmond), Fred Fairweather (Port Melbourne), Ted Hart, R. Ritchie, Dick Latchford, G. Bowler, Tom Roulent (Nth. Melb.), L. Julin, L. Flynn, C. Adrich (Workers' Club, Mildura), W. Allen, Ted Davis (Breweries), A. Robertson, Horrie Ebbles (trainer), C. Mudge (secretary). Front row: Cyril Windbanks (trainer), Doug. Coyle (Hawthorn), W. Willard, Jack Lynch (captain, Geelong and Preston), Jack Smith, Doug. Simms, C. Skerry, Bob Solomons, N. D. Watson. In front: Micky McLevy, N. Clarkson.

BLUEY TRUS... BELIEVE...

SQUADRON LEADER "BLUE... reported missing, believed k... Australian public. Only 26, ... to commanding officer of ... Squadron in England and ... totalled 15.

HE took over command of a Kittyhawk Squadron in the north a few months ago. His plane crashed into the sea off the Australian coast on Sunday.

Truscott enlisted in the RAAF in July, 1940, and received his flying training in Australia, Canada and the

SQUADRON - LEADER Keith (Bluey) Truscott, D.F.C. and Bar.

British Isles. He was an original member of the first Australian Spitfire Squadron formed in England in 1940.

Under the guidance of Wing Commander R. W. Bungey and Wing Commander "Paddy" Finucane, he soon became one of the war's outstanding fighter pilots.

He was awarded the D.F.C. in October, 1941, for his part in a terrific fight with a number of Focke-

EAGUE

FITZROY HOPEFULS GET INSTRUCTION

Fred Hughson, captain-coach of Fitzroy, ... talk with some re... A. Rippon (Chelsea), J. Lancaster (Thornbury C.Y.M.S.), R. Mel... Brunswick) and L. Powell (...

Throw-Kick Challenge

BILL JOST, the gridiron champion, will throw against Fitzroy and South Melbourne kickers at half-time at Fitzroy on Saturday. The American's opponents will be Fred Hughson and Norm Billiard, of the Maroons, and Jack Graham and Jim Cleary, of South.

Jost is out to break the long-throw record of international tests — 75 yards — and do

J. J. MAHER PASSE

Great Sport Writer an Real Sportsman

MR J. J. MAHER, Cycling and Athletics Editor sinc inception of The Sporting Globe in 1922, died last nesday and was buried next day at Brighton Ceme

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For dynamic and seemingly unending energy, Jack Maher was unique. If a job had to be done, no matter how hard, under no matter what conditions, irrespective of place or time, Johnny would attack and do it—and it would be done in his own inimitable, sympathetic and competent manner at any hour of the day or night.

Johnny was kind to everyone, but indifferent to himself in that he never gave self a thought. Had he been easier with himself he would not have suffered the collapse that eventually meant his end.

Among the many sporting which he organised was th vices Carnival at the Me Cricket Ground in November Five days before that meeting at the M.C.C. office, finalisi many details that such a job Breaking point in energy exp was reached, and he suffered

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He was an hon. member of the B A.A., an honor bestowed on him his great work in connection with O Empire Games, a life member of the V.A.L. and was intimately associated with many other amateur and professiona sporting bodies.

Our late colleague was a deeply religious man, and one in whom the principles of Christianity were important before all other things.

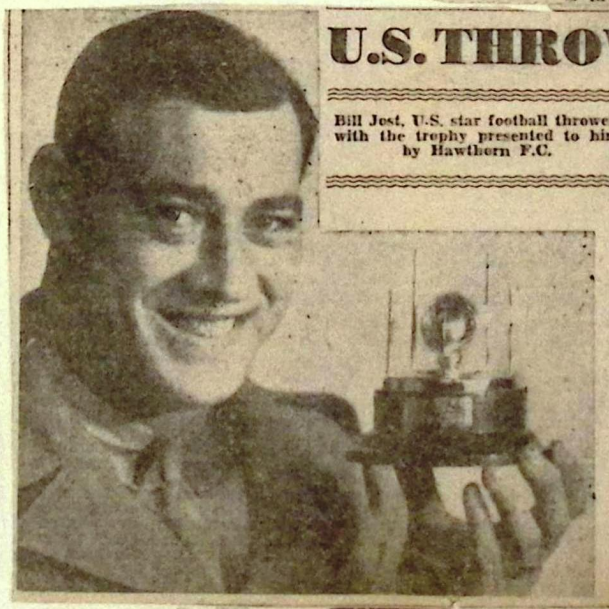
He never knowingly did a wrong. He helped many and did so often at personal sacrifice.

We mourn a grand, human, generous soul, and offer to his widow, his son John, aged 15, his daughter, Barbara, aged 11, and his step-son, Arthur Mathers and all relatives our deepest sympathy. The Globe and its staff will have much missing without Jack Maher.—R.I.P.

ESSENDON

DANGER THREATENS FORWARD MOVE BY CARLTON

Baird, Carlton forward, tries to break away, but is in imminent danger from Guinnane (Richmond) and Durham (Richmond). McInnis (Carlton) is in the background.



Bill Jost, U.S. star football thrower, with the trophy presented to him by Hawthorn F.C.

U.S. THROWER BEATS KICKERS

BY ERN COWLEY

WHEN defeated by Fred Hughson at Fitzroy, U.S. athlete, Bill Jost, said he would like to have another crack at the Maroon champion. They met again on Saturday at Hawthorn.

In perfect conditions the American turned the tables, and also beat three more League men in George Bennett and Jack Bohan (Haw.), and Norm Hilliard (Fitz.).

The contest started a friendly rivalry between the kickers. Vic Hocking, Hawthorn secretary, and coach Roy Cazaly have issued a challenge to Fitzroy and the whole League for a kicking contest.

Mr Like McBrien, League secretary, who saw Saturday's contest, said that the American was a fine attraction at football matches. He also said the gift presented to Bill Jost by the Hawthorn club as a memento of the occasion was the neatest emblem of the game he had ever seen. It is a silver ball between goal-posts mounted on a polished wooden base.

...lost takes a great interest in ...ball, and says it is a really ...ort. He wants to know more ...t. He has been invited to ... Hawthorn on practice nights ...e a run with the players.

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